

Flanagan's Running Club – Issue 19

Introduction

The first rule of Flanagan's Running Club is everyone should be telling everyone they know about Flanagan's Running Club! After all, sharing is caring.

Feel free to forward on to anyone you want, tell people about it the works, and just get them to sign up. It's quick and easy at the website homepage of <http://www.onetruekev.co.uk/> enter the e-mail address and select whether you want Flanagan's Running Club or blog post updates or both and then hit submit.

Can I ask you all a favour, please can you review my book on Inkitt, and the link is below. Even if you don't take time to read it properly, please flick through a few chapters, give it ratings and a review and vote for it please. It may help me get it published.

<https://www.inkitt.com/stories/thriller/201530>

On This Day – 4th February

1789 – George Washington is unanimously elected as the first President of the United States by the U.S. Electoral College.

2004 – Facebook, a mainstream online social networking site, is founded by Mark Zuckerberg.

It's the earliest day on which Ash Wednesday can fall

And it's World Cancer Day

365 Reasons To Be Proud To Be A Londoner - Magical Moments in London's History

Lights, Camera ... London!

London is now the world's third busiest movie-making city, after Los Angeles and New York. It has three big studios: Shepperton, Leavesden and Pinewood, which was transformed from a sleepy Victorian country house into one of the world's most successful film factories. Its very first film was fittingly titled 'London Melody', released today in 1937. Classics shot there include 'Harry Potter', the 'Carry On Series', 'Batman', 'Superman', 'Bourne' and, of course, most of the 23 James Bond adventures.

Chuck D Presents This Day In Rap And Hip-Hop History

1992 - Sir Mix-A-Lot releases his third album "Mack Daddy" on Def American.

Produced by Rick Rubin, Nate Foxx, Strange and Sir Mix-A-Lot, "Mack Daddy" showcased the MC's aggressive, humorous rhymes coupled with strong rhythms.

"Mack Daddy" featured Sir Mix-A-Lot's biggest hit to date, "Baby Got Back", which ignited controversy but topped the charts for five weeks, selling more than two million copies and winning a Grammy. Fuelled by the song's popularity, the album spent sixty-one weeks on the Billboard 200, peaking at #9.

Births

1902 – Charles Lindbergh

1913 – Rosa Parks

1948 – Alice Cooper

1975 – Natalie Imbruglia

Deaths

1983 – Karen Carpenter

1987 – Liberace

Number 1's

Number 1 single in 1980 - The Specials - Too Much Too Young

Number 1 album in 2006 - Arctic Monkeys - Whatever People Say I Am, That's What I'm Not

Number 1 compilation album in 1991 - Various - Deep Heat 9 - Ninth Life - Kiss The Bliss

Drabble

A drabble is a complete story that is exactly one hundred words long.

Distracted

He was under pressure, there were a great deal of people depending on his leadership, and yet here he was sat in this small cottage, in effect hiding.

So much was going through his mind about what he needed to do, how he could organise his people, and what he needed to win the day.

Yet there was something nagging at him, something that he had to do here and now, an immediate concern for him to see to, yet he couldn't remember what.

A funny smell was distracting him, and a voice yelled.

"Alfred, you're burning the cakes again!"

Joke

The company was going through hard times. All but the oldest employees had been laid off. John, the supervisor, was called into the boss' office. "John, I have some bad news," the boss said, "We need to lay off six more people. Two of them need to come from your department." "I'm sorry to hear that. That will be a tough decision to make. After all, we only have our most senior people left," replied John. "Here's what I'd do. The two newest people in your department are Jack and Susan. I'd go ahead and get the first who arrives and be done with it," offered the boss. "That's a good idea. I think that's what I'll do," said John. The next morning, Susan was the first to arrive. John approached Susan and said, "Susan, I have some bad news. I'm either going to have to lay you or Jack off." Susan responded, "Why don't you go ahead and jack off. I've got a headache."

Random Items

Facts

Parliament has only ever been in session outside of London three times, twice in Oxford and once in Leicester.

There are only 2 cathedrals in Britain that have 3 spires; Truro and Lichfield.

Thoughts

Why women can't put on mascara with their mouth closed?

Why isn't there mouse-flavoured cat food?

Forgotten English

Insucken

Situated within a certain sucken, or jurisdiction having its own mill: Scottish Law.

Insucken Multure – the duty payable at a mill by those tenants whose lands are bound to it.

Words You Should Know

Ersatz

From the German for 'replacement', this is an adjective describing an inferior imitation of something more valuable or attractive: 'It was one of those twee little hotels with ersatz Victorian furniture' or "Ersatz lemon meringue pie, made with some awful artificial lemon substitute.

Popular Expressions – What They Mean And Where We Got Them

Hoist With One's Own Petard

To be beaten with one's own weapons, or to be caught in one's own trap. The modern equivalent relates to the sport of football, 'to score an own goal.'

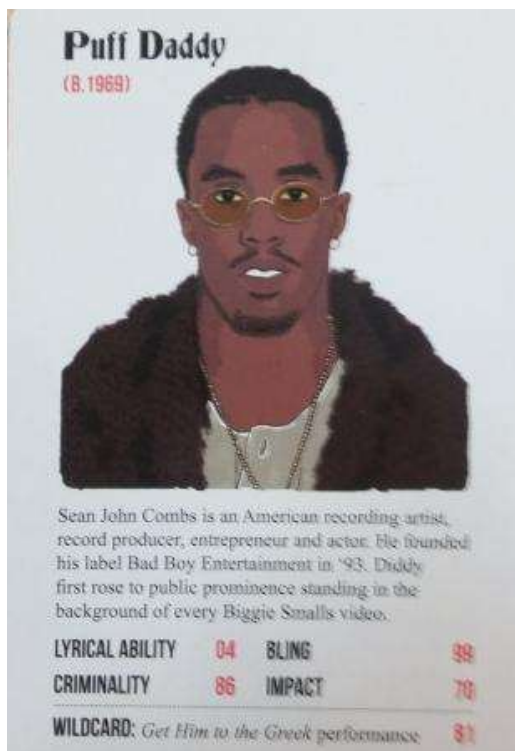
Shakespeare coined the phrase when he wrote these lines for Hamlet:

For 'tis the sport to have the engineer
Hoist with his own petard.

In 1600, a petard was a newly invented explosive device used for blowing up walls, barricades or gates with gunpowder. It was a metal bell-shaped grenade filled with five or six pounds of gunpowder dug into a trench and set off by a fuse.

The devices were often unreliable and went off unexpectedly, and the engineer who fired the petard might be blown up by the explosion. Hence the expression, in which hoist means to be lifted up, is an understated description of being blown up by your own bomb.

Rappers of the Nineties Trumps



Flash Fiction

Something between the 100 word shortness of a Drabble, and the short story, these are works of fiction somewhere between five hundred and seven hundred words.

Viva Las Vegas

Sam couldn't stop his ears ringing. They should have been in and out in a minute. He didn't know which of the bank's staff had set the alarm off. He didn't wait around once the alarm started. It was the loudest noise he'd ever been subjected to. In years of working the pubs and clubs, with their dodgy sound systems and over enthusiastic sound engineers, nothing had made his ears ring like this.

It was a stupid idea from the outset. This was the whole reason he didn't drink. Two pints in and anything sounded like a good idea. The five of them dressing as Elvis and holding up the NatWest branch on Denmark Hill seemed like a great idea at half past midnight, as they staggered home with kebab grease running down their chins and arms. Sam had heard himself saying 'I've got lots of Elvis outfits.'

Of course he did, he was a bleeding Elvis impersonator after all. He'd been performing as Elvis Pressley, using his actual surname, for years now. Every venue within a two mile radius of Camberwell would know him. It wouldn't take long for some bright spark to ring the police once the CCTV was released. 'They all look like Elvis Pressley's outfits.' He thanked his lucky stars he'd stopped putting his surname on the outfits a few years ago. Having his name on the back of five outfits worn by bank robbers would make it hard to deny he'd had anything to do with it.

As it happened they had at least all worn masks. He didn't know which of his idiot friends on the raid had ordered them, but he doubted it would take very long for the police to trace who had been out buying a job lot of rubber Elvis masks.

The replica shotguns were Mark's idea. Sam didn't realise that Mark had got replicas that could fire blanks. Extra loud ones as it turned out. When the shotgun blast went off, Sam thought it was for real as well. It certainly caused more commotion in the bank than their appearance had. However, someone must have noticed that despite

the gun blast, there was no damage to anything. No holes in the glass or the walls. No tell-tale plaster dust falling to the floor from the ceiling. They had taken a look at that and hit the alarm.

Sam had run. If the rest of them had any sense they would have done too. Not that they wouldn't have been conspicuous. Five Elvis's running down Denmark Hill past the Friday afternoon shoppers would have caught anyone's attention.

Sam's ears were still ringing. If anything the ringing was getting louder, and it seemed to be a different pitch now. He only realised the new ringing was his doorbell when the front door flew open and armed police swarmed in.

Sam thought it was a shame that his likely last ever Elvis performance had been such an utter shambles.

Leicester

Random Historic Item

Leicester and Swannington Railway

This was the first railway to be established in Leicestershire, and was in the planning stage even before the Liverpool - Manchester line had started running. It was planned with the help of George and Robert Stephenson, at a meeting in February 1829. The required Act of Parliament was passed on 29/05/1830 and work on the line was started in the October of the same year.

The Leicester Station and terminus was built on the land of the old St. Augustine friars on the west of the river and the recreated station can still be seen in the rally gardens at the Bow Bridge end of Tudor Road. The Platform has been rebuilt and the 'West Bridge' sign added on the platform. The Station was opened to Goods and passengers on 17/07/1832, but the platform wasn't added until 1876, and this is the same at many of the stations on the line. In 1893 the station was moved to another part of the site.

The line originally ran to Desford with stations at Glenfield and Ratby, to get to Glenfield, the Glenfield tunnel was built which runs for just over a mile, and was narrow by today's standards, and therefore only allowed certain types of engines to get through it. The line was extended to Coalville in April 1833, and then to Swannington in the November, although this part was for Goods only. In 1845 the line extended to Burton-on-Trent, and was opened up to passengers.

However in 1848 a link line was built from Knighton Junction on the Midland Railway to Desford, and then the Midland railway took the Leicester and Swannington Railway over. From the start of August 1849 passenger services to and from Burton on Trent now ran via this link line and into the Campbell Street Station on the Original Midland Line. Local services between Desford and the West Bridge station continued until September 1928, Ratby Station was closed in 1954, and in May 1966, the line was closed to all traffic.

A Leicestershire Church

St Mark's

Standing on the Belgrave Road, just north of the city centre, this church is said to be the masterpiece of the designer and architect Ewan Christian, who had a large number of dealings with the city and county, both in building new churches, and restoring existing ones. Paid for by the great Leicestershire benefactor William Perry Herrick and his sister Mary, of Beaumanor Hall. It cost £12,000, and was built at the same time as St. Paul's on Kirby Road. (which only cost £6,000) It is said to be the most exciting Victorian church in the country. It was originally to be dedicated as St. Matthias, but upon William Perry Herrick's insistence that it be an evangelical church this was changed to be St. Mark's.

The site was found, and the shape of the church owes to the boundaries forced upon it at the time of building. The foundation stone was laid on 18th May 1870, and the church was consecrated on St. Mark's day (25th April) 1872. The tower is 79 feet high, with the octagonal spire a further 89 feet high. The stepped south wall was Ewan Christian's way of dealing with the unusual shape of the land, and the rear of the church was originally at an angle.

However in 1904 the adjoining land to the west was purchased and E.C. Shearman extended the church to its state today, building over the vestibule. The nave of the church is a large 60 by 31 feet, and is 53 feet high, with the chancel being the same width and height. The North aisle has a simple wooden sloping roof, in contrast with the rest of the roof which is built in dark slate. The window in the north aisle shows the annunciation, and was created by C. E.

Kempe in 1895. The south aisle has the 'steps' down the side of the building, the first step contains the baptistery, and has the baptistery window from 1893. The second step originally held the vestry, and then became the all souls' chapel. In this step is the war memorial window added by Eadie Reid in 1920, the actual war memorial was removed to All Saints church.

However due to urban regeneration the parish changed during the 20th century, and with it the fortunes of the church went downhill. The Bells from the tower were last used in 1920, as they became unsafe, and there was no money to rehang them, they were moved to St. Saviour's Cathedral in Goulburn, New South Wales. The Hill organ fell into disrepair, and was moved to St. Agnes' church in Mosley, Birmingham. Eventually the church was declared redundant in 1986, and left with an uncertain future. The processional cross was presented to Jarrow in 1988, and the hanging cross now stands in St. Albans's church on Harrison Road. There were calls for the building to be demolished, but it was bought by a Birmingham businessman in 1995, who carefully transformed it into a function venue.

Top Ten

The most covered artists of all time, according to the WhoSampledWho website

No	Artist	Number of Times Covered
1	The Beatles	4315
2	Frank Sinatra	1371
3	Stevie Wonder	913
4	Elvis Presley	830
5	Bob Dylan	824
6	Michael Jackson	780
7	David Bowie	716
8	The Rolling Stones	711
9	Abba	606
10	Black Sabbath	577

Cathedral Fact Files

Cathedral	Peterborough Cathedral		
Dedicated To	St Peter, St Paul and St Andrew (formerly St Peter)		
Type	Medieval	Architecture	Norman
Religion	COE	Tower / Spire	2 Towers
Site Founded	654	Height (External)	143ft
Church Founded	1117	Height (Internal)	81ft
Bishopric Founded	1541	Length	481ft
Current Bishopric Founded	1541	Width	206ft

Thirty-Three And One Third Revolutions Per Minute

Iron Maiden – Seventh Son Of A Seventh Son

Seventh Son of a Seventh Son was the seventh studio album by Iron Maiden, and was released on 11 April 1988 by the EMI label in Europe, and its sister label Capitol in North America. It is the first Iron Maiden release to feature keyboards. Like The Number of the Beast and, later, Fear of the Dark, The Final Frontier and The Book of Souls, it debuted at No. 1 in the UK Albums Chart. It also marks the first appearance of many progressive rock elements which would be used frequently in later albums, seen in the length and complex structure of the title track "Seventh Son of a Seventh Son", and by the fact that it is a concept album.

The idea to base the album around the folklore concept of the seventh son of a seventh son came to bassist Steve Harris after he read Orson Scott Card's Seventh Son. Harris states, "It was our seventh studio album and I didn't have a title for it or any ideas at all. Then I read the story of the seventh son, this mystical figure that was supposed to have all these paranormal gifts, like second sight and what have you, and it was more, at first, that it was just a good title for the seventh album, you know? But then I rang Bruce [Dickinson, vocalist] and started talking about it and the idea just grew."

According to Rod Smallwood, the band's manager, the brief given to Derek Riggs (the group's then regular artist) was, unlike with previous albums, to create "simply something surreal and bloody weird". Riggs confirms that "they said they wanted one of my surreal things.'It's about prophecy and seeing into the future, and we want one of your surreal things.' That was the brief ... I had a limited time to do the picture, and I thought it was pretty weird their concept, so I

just went with that." According to Dickinson, his revitalised enthusiasm, brought about by Harris's idea to make a concept album, carried forward into the cover artwork, saying, "I was probably responsible in a large part for the cover, with Derek." Dickinson states that the idea to set the painting in a polar landscape may have originated from when he showed Riggs a Gustave Doré piece, depicting traitors frozen in a lake of ice in the ninth circle of Dante's Inferno.

The album has received consistent critical praise since its release, with AllMusic rating it 4.5 out of 5, saying that the addition of keyboards "restores the crunch that was sometimes lacking in the shinier production of the previous album" and that it "ranks among their best work". Sputnikmusic scored the album 4 out of 5, and, while they state that "the band has better releases, such as Powerslave and Somewhere in Time", they argue that it is "lyrically ... one of Maiden's finest efforts". In 2005, the album was ranked No. 305 in Rock Hard magazine's book of The 500 Greatest Rock & Metal Albums of All Time.

Track listing

No. - Title - Writer(s) - Length

Side one

1. - "Moonchild" - Adrian Smith, Bruce Dickinson - 5:38
2. - "Infinite Dreams" - Steve Harris - 6:08. 4th single released from the album, Hit number 6 in the UK singles chart, and got to number 6 in Ireland.
3. - "Can I Play with Madness" - Smith, Dickinson, Harris - 3:30. 1st single released from the album, Hit number 3 in the UK singles chart, and got to number 3 in Ireland, 4 in Norway, 6 in the Netherlands, 12 In Sweden and 23 in both Germany and Switzerland.
4. - "The Evil That Men Do" - Smith, Dickinson, Harris - 4:33. 2nd single released from the album, Hit number 5 in the UK singles chart, and got to number 4 in Ireland, 7 in Norway, and number 23 in the Netherlands.

Side two

5. - "Seventh Son of a Seventh Son" - Harris - 9:52
6. - "The Prophecy" - Dave Murray, Harris - 5:04
7. - "The Clairvoyant" - Harris - 4:26. 3rd single released from the album, Hit number 6 in the UK singles chart, and got to number 7 in Ireland.
8. - "Only the Good Die Young" - Harris, Dickinson - 4:40

Total length: 43:51

Iron Maiden

Bruce Dickinson – lead vocals

Dave Murray – guitar

Adrian Smith – guitar, synthesiser

Steve Harris – bass guitar, string synthesiser

Nicko McBrain – drums, percussion

Production

Martin Birch – producer, engineer, mixing, tape operator

Stephane Wissner – engineer, assistant engineer

Bernd Maier – engineer, assistant engineer

George Marino – mastering engineer

Derek Riggs – sleeve illustrations

Ross Halfin – photography

Rod Smallwood – management, sleeve concept

Andy Taylor – management

Charts

Austria Top 40 - 6

Finland The Official Finnish Charts - 1

Germany Media Control Charts - 4

Japan Oricon - 39

Netherlands MegaCharts - 2

New Zealand RIANZ - 3

Norway VG-lista - 3

Sweden Sverigetopplistan - 2

Switzerland Swiss Hitparade - 2

United Kingdom Official Albums Chart - 1

United States Billboard 200 - 12

Certifications

Canada - Platinum

Germany - Gold

Switzerland - Gold

United Kingdom - Gold

United States - Gold

Club Fact File

Green Bay Packers	
Founded	1919
First Season Played	1919
First Season in NFL	1921
Ground	Lambeau Field
Capacity	81,441
Previous Stadium(s)	Hagemeister Park, Bellevue Park, City Stadium, Borchert Field, Wisconsin State Fair Park, Marquette Stadium, Milwaukee County Stadium
Previous Names	None
Trophies	
NFL Champions	1929, 1930, 1931, 1936, 1939, 1944, 1961, 1962, 1965, 1966, 1967
Superbowl Winners	1967, 1968, 1997, 2011
NFC Champions	1997, 1998, 2011
NFC Central Division Winners	1972, 1995, 1996, 1997
NFC North Division Winners	2002, 2003, 2004, 2007, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2016
NFL West Division Winners	1938, 1939, 1944, 1960, 1961, 1962, 1965, 1966
NFL West (Central) Division Winners	1967, 1969
Wildcard Playoff Berths	1938, 1941, 1960, 1982, 1993, 1994, 1998, 2001, 2009, 2010, 2015
League Seasons	
Seasons As independent	2
Seasons in NFL/AFL	98
Seasons in NFC	49
Seasons in NFL Western Division	34
Seasons in NFL West (Central) Division	3
Seasons in NFC Central Division	32
Seasons in NFC North Division	17

Story Time

Eating In Secret

Sean was a worried man. He had been fine until he had woken up this morning. As the meal approached he could feel the sweat patches forming. He had been dreading that. He always sweated when he was nervous. He doubted he had ever felt as nervous as he was now. He had put a thick cotton t-shirt on underneath his black shirt. The combination should keep the obviousness of his sweating to a minimum.

The meal had been arranged months before. For most people a simple meal out with work colleagues wouldn't be an issue. But Sean didn't like eating in public. He hadn't even liked eating in front of his parents and sister back at home when a child. He felt as if everyone was watching him. Analysing how he ate his food. How much was on the fork or spoon, or god forbid, his knife. Was it going to get into his mouth intact? Would it end up back on the table or down his top?

It wasn't as if he was a messy eater. Left to his own devices he could eat normally. The key was being alone. He sneaked out to his car to eat his lunch every day at work. Tucked away in the far corner of the car park where no one could accidentally see him placing food into his mouth.

His parents had tried various therapists and psychologists, but to no avail. The school had tried to help after the day he had freaked Mrs Forshaw out. She had opened the cupboard door in her classroom to find Sean sat in the bottom of the cupboard in the dark eating his sandwiches. They allowed him to use one of the classroom's ante rooms to eat his lunch. All whilst trying to get him to accept that eating in front of others was perfectly normal.

The other kids had laughed at him. After a number of declines, he found himself not being invited to birthday parties. Sean wasn't a fussy eater either. There was little he wouldn't eat. He only avoided shellfish, aubergines and apples. It just had to be eaten in private.

At university he would go out drinking with his flat mates and other students from his course. He didn't have a problem with people watching him drink. When it came to the late night curry, Chinese or kebab, he always got a takeaway and went back to his room to eat it.

The eating disorder had an impact on Sean's love life as well. There were only so many times you could go on a date without there being food involved. He never found a girl he liked well enough to embarrass himself over. Until Chloe.

Chloe Bradshaw was gorgeous. The first time Sean saw her, he stopped in his tracks and stood there gormlessly looking at her. He would have still been there if Mike hadn't dragged him away. Chloe hadn't seemed to notice. It took him weeks to pluck up the courage to speak to her. He was pleased to find he didn't spontaneously combust when he did. He spoke, she spoke, they both smiled.

They had gone out for drinks, been to the cinema, and been bowling. Sean was smitten. So much so, that when Chloe suggested going for a meal he said yes without thinking.

When the evening came he had tried to control the fear he was feeling. They ordered, chatted happily whilst they waited for their food to be served and when the food turned up, Sean had picked up his cutlery and attempted to eat with an audience. He carefully cut up his lasagne into small squares. He placed the first small square upon his fork and raised it to his mouth. It made it inside without any issue. He looked across the table to where Chloe sat and he saw she was looking back at him.

His mind raced, was she analysing how he ate. Oh god he thought, she's still looking over at me. And then the panic set in. Sean tried to shovel the food in as quickly as possible, clearing his plate in a couple of minutes. How much he actually ate he couldn't say. There were splatters and lumps of lasagne on the table. His nice patterned white shirt had a new orange frontage to it. He looked over at Chloe who was staring at him aghast. And then he bolted, throwing a twenty pound note behind him, he was out of the restaurant in the blink of an eye.

Sean was in pieces when Chloe had turned up on his doorstep demanding that he explained what the hell had just happened. When he told her the reason why, there were a few seconds of silence, and then Chloe laughed. He closed the door and locked himself in his room. He took it as a sign it was over and avoided any possible contact with Chloe for the rest of the final year.

Five years down the line and there was now this work meal. Sean worked for a small marketing agency in Alderley Edge. The meal was to celebrate ten years of the company being in business. It was also doubling up as a fortieth birthday celebration for the owner and managing director of the business. Attendance wasn't optional, and bailing out would mean the end of his fledgling career there.

However, Sean was worried that another eating performance like the one he had experienced with Chloe might mean the end of his career anyway. He was thinking it would be better to have his career end without some form of ritual humiliation taking place as well.

On top of that, he had been getting on really well with the receptionist – Aimee – in the last few weeks. She had told him how much she was looking forward to the meal and spending some time with Sean outside of work. She had even sorted the table plan so she could sit next to him. He liked Aimee, but thought that sitting next to him might only get her covered in food. Why hadn't he just said no when the diktat had come out months ago and made up some excuse about a family occasion?

It was too late now. The end of the working day was just minutes away. Then it would be off to Alessi's, one of the posh Italian restaurants in the village. Italian food again, that wasn't helping his mind set. Perhaps he should have worn an orange shirt instead. All the tomato based sauce wouldn't show up as much on that. They were shown into a private room at the back of the restaurant. A small mercy, at least Sean would only embarrass himself in front of his work colleagues, and not additional random members of the public.

The menu was giving him palpitations. He had no idea what he was going to order. He should have thought about this weeks in advance and practised eating certain foods. To top it off everyone was talking about starters. Two courses to make an utter fool of himself over. He looked at the menu as the words floated in and out of focus. He could feel the sweat running down his back. He wiped his forehead every few seconds with the heavy cloth napkin. He stared at the pictures of the food and came up with a plan of sorts.

Mini dough balls with a dipping sauce for starter, and gnocchi for the main. Small individual items. They could be eaten one by one. All he had to do was take it easy. Don't make eye contact with anyone else around the table and steadily pop the little balls into his mouth.

There was talk of getting sharing platters for starters, but Sean politely declined joining that route to hell, and managed to order what he had planned. The starters arrived and with almost closed eyes he slowly and steadily ate his dough balls. He never looked up from his plate until they were all gone. When he looked up and around the table, no one was staring at him. Aimee asked if he'd enjoyed the dough balls and he managed a mumbled yes. She asked if he fancied any of the prosciutto she had left, but he managed to politely decline. No one mentioned him eating as the conversation continued around the table.

Sean breathed a sigh of relief. When the main courses came out, he employed the same tactics. Eyes virtually shut and head pointed down at the plate. The fork moved like clockwork between the plate and his mouth. Each time with a single piece of gnocchi on. He got to the end and opened his eyes fully and looked around. Everyone else was still eating, but no one was staring at him. He found himself relaxing. He had made it through the meal without disaster.

The waiter came around and took the empty plates away, before returning with dessert menus. Sean tried to decline, but the MD insisted, 'It's all on me Sean, no need to look so worried.' He could do this. Something simple like ice cream, do the same as before.

The ice cream turned up and as he put the spoon into the ice cream for the first time, Vijay, the office joker piped up.

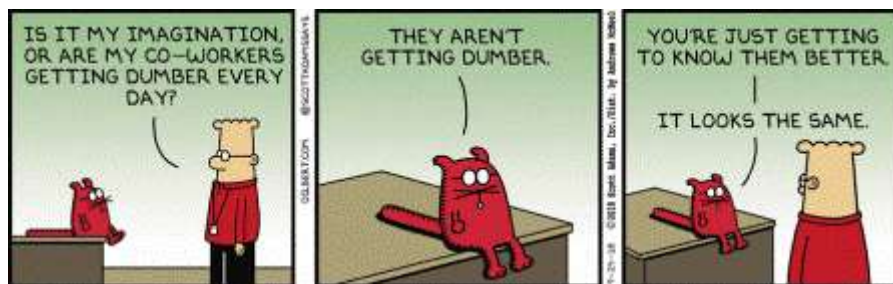
"Shame they couldn't do that as little ice cream balls for you Sean. You could just pop them in your mouth again."

Sean felt the blood rush from his face. They had been watching him all along. He had to get out of here. His hand was a blur as he finished the ice cream and then ran for the door.

Once outside he ran for the train station, the blood rushing through his veins was louder than the female voice shouting his name and for him to come back.

He was never going back.

Dilbert



24/09/2018

Epilogue

If you want to catch up on old issues, Drabbles I've had published, or the random scribbling from a bored mind on my blog then they are all available at <http://www.onetruekev.co.uk/> there are links to a number of older publications I have done in the past, with more of the old stuff being added as time goes by.

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